

380

LIBERTY ASSERTED:  
OR, THE  
SIEGE *of* GIBRALTAR.  
A  
P O E M.

Written as an Essay in the Spirit of *Lucan*.

Τεδνάμναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐπὶ προμάχοισι πεσόντα  
Ἄνδρ' ἀγαθόν, πρὶν ἢ πατρίδι μαρνάμενον.  
Tyrtaeus de Bellicâ Virtute.

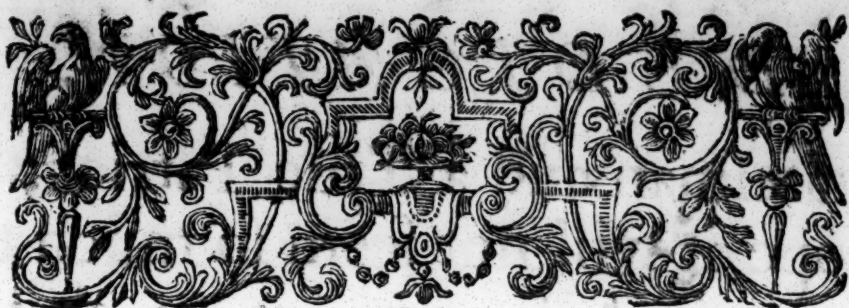
— *Hæc Libera nasci,*  
*Hæc vult Turba Mori.* — *Lucan.*

By J. MAWER, of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

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25





To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,

Knight of the most Noble Order  
of the G A R T E R.

*SIR,*



THE Poem I here take  
the Liberty of Address-  
sing to You being writ-  
ten on an Occasion,  
wherein You have so eminently  
distinguish'd Your self, both as a  
A 2                      States-



## DEDICATION.

Statesman and a True Patriot; I hope it will not seem so much to force it self upon, as to claim, Your Patronage.

It will ever be remember'd to Your Honour, how happily You have conducted Affairs in this nice Conjunction; and laid that threat'ning Storm, that had been long gathering, and was ready to pour down Ruin upon Us. This will make Your Name Dear and Immortal in the Memory of every True *Briton*, and even excuse this Ambition in a Young Author, who desires to make his first Appearance in celebrating that common Blessing, our Native Liberty, under Countenance of  
One



# DEDICATION.

One of its most Illustrious Asserters. He looks for no further Praise from this Trifle, than to be said to have the Spirit of an *Englishman*; who is, with the Profoundest Respect,

SIR,

*Your most Devoted,*

*most Obedient,*

*and most Humble Servant,*

Cambridge,  
Trin. Col.  
Nov. 14, 1727.

JOHN MAWER.



# P R E F A C E.



HE Reader might perhaps think himself ungentlemanly us'd, to have the following Sheets slip into his Hands without the common Ceremony of a Preface; we shall therefore so far comply with the Mode, as to make him this little Compliment, that he may not come disgusted to his Entertainment.

As to the Occasion of this Poem, Essay, or whatever it may be called, he cannot be at a Loss. If he will not be persuaded that the Author was act'd by a laudable Ambition of endeavouring to inspire his Country-Men with an honest Zeal in Defence of their Native Liberties; or (may be) had Blood warm enough, not only to prevent his being silent on the Prospect of  
such

## P R E F A C E.

such a Scene, tho' distant; but to make him wish to have been upon the Spot, and more than a Looker-on: It may however be believ'd without Difficulty that he had Time enough on his Hands to employ idly, and chose a Muse, as others (with less Innocence) wou'd a Mistress, to throw off some of the Overflowings of Fancy, and trifle away a few of the gayer Hours of Youth. But with this Difference in the Effect, that while the Product of their Loves is generally kept as private as possible, we venture to own our Offspring, tho' at the same time we expose it to the Censure of the World, and every one's Mercy. Yet let me add, that as this Child of the Muse was not begot solely for a private Gratification, but for the Entertainment (I wish I might say Benefit) of the Publick, it may hope for a more favourable Reception.

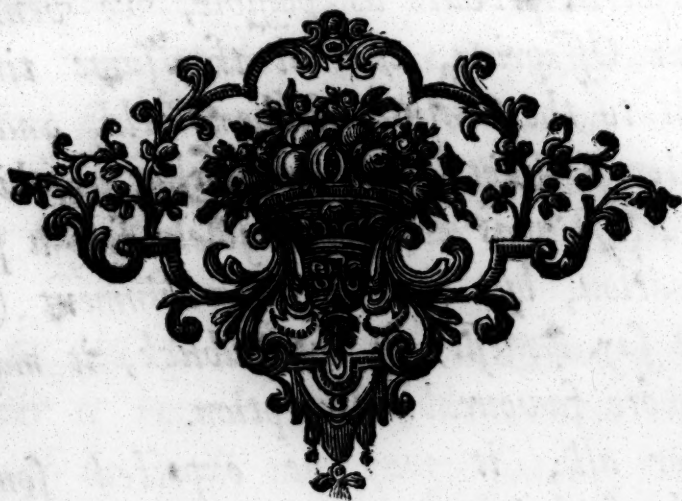
After all; it may be expected something shou'd be said in Apology for the several Deficiencies, and perhaps Excrescences, which will be found in this Juvenile Composition. If it will not be admitted as an Excuse, that the Author design'd this only as a Tryal of his Strength,  
in



## P R E F A C E.

*in hopes of a more Masculine Production, when his Muse is arriv'd to greater Maturity; he promises his more equitable Judges, that if these rude Lineaments shall be thought worth the Retouching, they shall come forth in fuller Proportion.*

Emendaturus, si faveatis, erit.



LIBERTY

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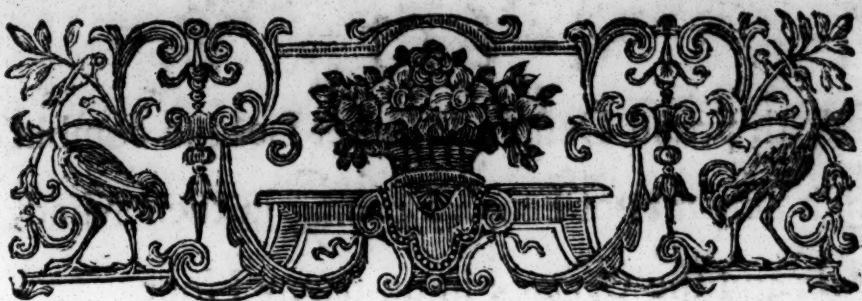
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## SIEGE of *Gibraltar*.



Indulgent Pow'r! whose All-surveying  
Eyes  
But give the Beck, and Empires fall or <sup>[rise;</sup>  
Who from the flaming Ministry of Heav'n  
To Kingdoms hast their Guardian Angels giv'n;  
To Thee, Advent'rous, I address my Lay:  
Hail! Pow'r Supreme! Indulge this bold Essay:  
Bless my *free* Song, my kindling Soul inspire, <sup>[fire.</sup>  
And with warm Sense of Heav'n-sprung Freedom

With proud Design, in secret League combin'd,  
 High Schemes of Empire rolling in their Mind,  
*Spain* and the *German* in un-happy Hour  
 Had plann'd a wild Extravagance of Pow'r,  
 Nations free-born beneath their Yoke to lay,  
 And o'er their Lands extend their Iron-sway;  
 When Providence, that ever guards the Just,  
 Did thus his Will to *Britain's* Genius trust.

Haste, Guardian Seraph, to thy Charge below;  
 Let *Walpole's* Care these forming Counsels know;  
 (*Walpole*, that gives thy Image to Mankind,  
 Whom scarce in Thought his Country's Foes can  
     blind;

Who firm for Freedom and for *Brunswic* stood,  
 And stemm'd a Nation's Torrent for its Good.)  
 Inspire his gen'rous Thought with wonted Care,  
 And bid him for the Birth of Fate prepare.

To

To Him these Monarchs faithless Leagues explain ;  
*Walpole* is equal found to all the Plots of *Spain*.

He said. The Pow'r by whate'er Title known,  
 (The Guardian once of *Judah's* once-lov'd Throne.)  
 Descends on Duty, with Importance fraught,  
 And, *Walpole*, prompts, insensible, thy Thought :  
 That Thought thou well might'st challenge as thy  
 own,

Spirits suggest, nor make their Presence known.  
 Our better Thoughts on prompting Pow'rs depend,  
 But those, in chief, watch round his Country's Friend :  
 They still attend the Patriot's latest Hours,  
 And as by Stealth infuse their heav'nly Pow'rs.

Mean-time, our Foes resolv'd our Rage to dare,  
*Britain* sends forth her dauntless Sons of War :



Her full-grown Oaks descend into the Flood,  
 The Isle to guard, which late to grace they stood.  
 Our Fleet, t' assert our Title to the Seas,  
 In Triumph rides, and round her Flag displays:  
 She seeks those Troublers of the World's Repose,  
 And dares all Dangers where she hopes for Foes.  
 Her dreadful Thunder wakes the Continent,  
 And warns the Nations, e're 'tis late, repent.  
 This flies before, the wond'ring World to tell  
 Mercy and Pow'r with *Britain's* Monarch dwell;  
 Whose inborn Goodness gives 'em Leave of Choice:  
 His Mercy treats, before his Pow'r destroys.

So with the Voice of Thunder Heav'n begins  
 To warn the World of late-committed Sins;  
 That happ'ly they may deprecate his Rage,  
 And Earnest with Repentant Pray'r assuage:

But

But if to Sin they're obstinately bent,  
A fiery Rain upon the *Sodom's* sent.

Squadrons of floating Castles sent abroad  
Maintain our wide Dominions on the Flood:  
Th' un-ruffling Deep's subjected Plain they press,  
And travel safe the wat'ry Wilderness.  
Others may o'er the Waves their Passage take,  
Alone the *English* there their Dwelling make.  
Fixt in our Fortune, we command the Sea,  
And safely sail, of her wild Regions free:  
He far more loosely binds her to his Side,  
Who weds with \* Annual Ring th' Inconstant Bride.  
Far other Fates attend our fetter'd Foes,  
Both Winds and Waves their vain Efforts oppose;  
While firm encamp'd, our Armament abides,  
And Footing finds upon th' unstable Tides.

\* The Duke of *Venice*.

These now array the Battle on the Main,  
 And with our Naval Force lay Siege to *Spain*;  
 Those to way-lay their Silver-Fleet prepare,  
 And cut off their chief Sinews of the War.  
 Yet how the best-concerted Schemes are crost!  
 How were our Hopes just in Possession lost!  
 But who can trace the Paths of Providence,  
 Perplexed to Thought, and intricate to Sense!  
 And who knows all the Ways of guileful Gold,  
 Which neither Bars, nor Rocks, nor Seas with-hold!  
 It breaks thro' all, and found resistless yet,  
 What wonder then it split the *British* Fleet!

Mean-time the *Spaniard* all Provisions makes,  
 And vain, in Thought the Town contested takes.  
 But hark! the Trumpet's brazen Voice from far  
 Spreads loud th' Alarm and Onset of the War.

To



To Arms! to Arms! the Captains Shouts resound;  
 To Arms! to Arms! Seas, Skies, and Rocks rebound.  
*Spain* pours her Hosts in Multitudes along,  
 Yet Thousands here are impotently Strong.  
 Then in the Town, ere yet th' Assault begin,  
 To fan their Fire, and animate his Men,  
 A Gallant Chief, in Place above the rest,  
 His list'ning Bands with manly Warmth address.

Fellows in Arms! whom thus our Country's Cause  
 T' assert our Rights infrin'd and Treaties, draws;  
 Be Men! 'tis Freedom is the pow'rful Word  
 That aids our Arms, and edges ev'ry Sword.  
 Freedom! By Nature's Right to all Men giv'n,  
 The choicest Blessing in the Gift of Heav'n.  
 Lives there a Man that sees that servile Train,  
 Whose Bosom swells not with severe Disdain,  
 When thus an Host of Slaves dares front a Troop  
 of Men?

Sooner shall Sheep th' invading Tyger dare,  
 And *Spain's* gilt Ram the *British* Lion tear,  
 Than *Spanish* Slaves strike *Albion's* Sons with Fear.  
 Gods! How I burn to meet in Arms the Foe,  
 The Subject's Courage o'er the Slave's to show;  
 Each *Briton* might with just Ambition boast,  
 Each Man durst brave a Troop, each Man himself's  
 an Host.

Our Foes themselves shou'd own we greatly dare,  
 And fly before our Thunder-bolts of War.  
 But now the Plain is to our Arms deny'd,  
 Let each Man's Courage at his Post be try'd:  
 Tho' *Britain* with no Aids our Hands supply,  
 The Fort we'll free, or in defending dye.  
 Permit to call past Ages to your View,  
 When *Xerxes* against *Greece* his Millions drew;  
 How one brave Chief to seize a Pass did dare,  
 With fewer Men than we count Squadrons here;  
 And stopt those Millions in their full Career.

Last, by more Hosts than he had Men oppress,  
Dauntless, He thus those gallant Men address.

“ Be bold! my Friends! stand forth against the Foe;

“ To-day with *Pluto* we shall sup below.

There spoke the yet-most-un-exampl’d Soul,

While Freedom’s sacred Rage usurpt him whole.

And shall less Ardor in your Bosoms beat,

When he that falls, may hope a brighter Seat;

Rapt from the Pains of Sense to blest Abodes,

T’ assert his Native Skies, a God among the Gods?

The Brave and Virtuous ne’er can dye amiss;

They snatch a Foretaste of their hasten’d Bliss;

Seiz’d of their Hope, they make Possession sure,

And put their Virtue out of Fortune’s Pow’r.

Be Coward-souls by her fierce Whips chastis’d,

Those season’d Slaves! Vile Herd! yet Mer-  
chandis’d

For common Use, and for their Cheapness priz’d!



A dull, degenerate World, to Bondage born,  
 Will ne'er be taught to raise a Noble Scorn,  
 And know how cheap their Freedom may return.  
 Swords are entrusted to their Hands in vain,  
 Who drag about a Tyrant's galling Chain.  
 O Death! Thou only Remedy of Life,  
 To ease our Woes, and end the painful Strife!  
 Still may'st Thou let the Slave and Coward live,  
 And but the Gallant and the Brave receive.  
 Freedom's our Life! it riots in our Blood!  
 And One is vow'd to make the Other good;  
 Who aims at One, will be by Both withstood.  
 The Air we draw, still let us breathe it free:  
 An Hour's an Age, not pass'd in Liberty!  
 For me, my Actions shall make good my Word,  
 Be Life or Death determin'd by the Sword:  
 No Terms, however Great, our Foes shall bring,  
 Shall buy me from my Freedom and my King.

Our

Our Honour shall for what may come provide,  
 And cast the trifling Thought of Death aside.  
 But said I Death ! Forgive my idle Tongue ;  
 Our Handful shall out-brave their Thousands strong :  
 They come but here to leave their loaded Life,  
 While Your's is Honour, and a glorious Strife.  
 Too much is said to kindle up the Brave,  
 And Words are but mis-spent upon the Slave.

He said. His Words the eager Bands inspire,  
 From Man to Man they catch th' Infectious Fire.  
 In well-approving Sign the Warriors wave  
 Their Hands up-lifted, and their Bosoms heave  
 With fierce Impatience for th' expected Foe,  
 And each does with a Leader's Ardor glow.

Nor fail'd th' *Iberian* on the lifted Plain,  
 To spirit up with Threats his banded Train,

In

In boastful Speech — By Heav'ns, the Man that dares  
 To stoop a Thought to Death's inglorious Fears ;  
 Or but betray the Glimm'rings of Despair,  
 That yon' proud Fort shall long withstand the War ;  
 His Life's last Blood shall reek upon my Sword,  
 Outcast his Carcass, and his Name abhorr'd.  
 Ere oft yon' Orb of Light shall walk his Round,  
 I trust those Tow'rs to tumble to the Ground.  
 That Rock, which Nature's Hand for Safeguard cast,  
 Shall yield to Force, and fail its Trust at last.  
 In vain the Foe shall then for Mercy plead :  
 Your *British* Boasters to a Man shall bleed !  
 'Till not one babling Tongue remains, to tell  
 Their rueful Fate, and by what Force they fell,  
 But Words delay the wasteful Works of War :  
 No more — be strong — they conquer still, who dare.

Now Cannons War's mad Rage, preluding, roar,  
 And Eccho frights the stunn'd repeating Shore :



When near advanc'd, th' Pow'rs of *Spain* rush on,  
And vain in Thought, already force the Town.

\* Wedg'd Foot to Foot, th' assailing Legions close,  
Man bears on Man, and these urge on to those:  
Pikes lean on Pikes, on Armour Armour's shock'd,  
Crests nod o'er Crests, while side by side is lock'd:  
They sweep the Plain; in haste the Ground devour!  
Their Hands a Tempest, un-availing, pour  
Upon the Foe, and rain an idle Show'r;  
Essay of Rage! When, like the Lightning's Blaze,  
The *British* Thunder its red Wrath displays:  
A Storm of Death upon the Foe is blown,  
And in an instant Hosts are overthrown.  
So *Jove*, when Rebels storm'd his bright Abode,  
But thunder'd, and his Foes confess'd the God.  
Thus stunn'd, the *Spaniards* stand aloof with Fear,  
And less confiding the dread Bastion dare.

• Vid. Hom. Il. 8. Stat. lib. 7.

But

But see how Heav'n with *Albion's* Arms does side,  
 While from the Walls her Foes are warmly ply'd;  
 As fiery Fates in ruddy Storms are thrown,  
 The burning Soldiers in a Deluge drown:  
 Relieving Floods work thro' each hostile Mound,  
 And sap and sweep the Breast-works to the Ground.  
 While Fires above the Face of Heav'n deform,  
 Torrents below the drench'd Encampments storm.

Such Saps the \* *Grecian* Bulwark did destroy,  
 Their saving Fence from Heav'n-defended *Troy*:  
 His liquid Stores the Thunderer let go,  
 And bade all Heav'n's incessant Flood-gates flow,  
 Then in a Gush descend the Skies below:  
 With Strength collected pour the thund'ring Tides,  
 And o'er the Mole the Host of Waters rides;  
 Down comes the smoaky Ruin to the Ground,  
 And all the Works in whelmy Waves lye drown'd.

\* Vid. II, 13.

Less toil'd was *Cæsar* heretofore in \* *Spain*,  
 Distress'd by un-obsequious Floods of Rain,  
 When he thus fought to give the World a Chain;  
 For Nature still is backward to obey  
 Tyrannick Lords, and bars their hostile Way.

Back-starting, dire Dismay oppress'd the Throng,  
 While sheety Flames like livid Lightning flung  
 As from the Sky, and hissing o'er their Head,  
 Scatter a deadly Show'r of liquid Lead;  
 While all the Ease that to their Pains is lent,  
 They've Leave to seek a cooler Element;  
 Where all the sad Relief their Hopes desire,  
 Is only by a milder Fate t'expire.

So when huge *Ætna* bellows from below,  
 And to a Head the kindling Whirlwinds grow,  
 And force the boiling Furnace t'overflow;

\* Vid. Lucan. lib: IV,



As from the Top it belches out a Flood  
Of molten Earth, and spews its Bowels all abroad,  
The dire Convulsion shakes its lowest Base,  
And bids the furious Main its Bound'ries pass:  
With Force conjoin'd they deluge all the Plain,  
And with his Labours whelm th' assistance Swain;  
The burning Ruin spreads the bord'ring Towns,  
And by a two-fold Flood the Country doubly  
[drowns.

Resolv'd, to Death those bold Assailants go,  
 And tempt the Fury of a braver Foe ;  
 They, un-provok'd, their upward Mischief shed,  
 And pull th' unwilling Thunder on their Head :  
 Like Children shoot their Wrath against the Sky,  
 While on their Heads their Arrows downward fly.  
 Thus Sailors oft when with too forward Care  
 They see a low-hung, loaden Cloud appear,  
 Grown apprehensive of the wat'ry War,

# They

They first attack the *Typhon* ere it rise  
Above, and intercept the darken'd Skies ;  
But with a short or un-availing Hail,  
Their upward Engins the big Cloud assail,  
'Till full condens'd its Waters bursting flow,  
And soufe in liquid Death the flound'ring Crew ;  
Down sinks the shatter'd Ship, and seeks the  
[Depths below.]

And now the wrathful Instruments of Death  
Spread Ruin horrible on those beneath ;  
A fiery Devastation raves around,  
And Show'rs of rain'd Granadoes tear the Ground :  
Bursting, the burning Mischief flies about,  
And scatters Deaths and Torment round the Rout ;  
Writhing in Death ! here Heaps are rowl'd on  
Heaps ;  
The running Wild-fire thro' whole Squadrons  
The Waste of War ev'n Desolation weeps !

The Nitrous Grain displodes a furious Blast  
Of Fate, while groaning Thousands gasp their last  
The rending Balls with various Glut repleat,  
Charg'd with the ruthless Family of Fate,  
Bounce on the Crowd, and dash wide Ruin round,  
And Scalps and scatter'd Limbs of Men bestrew  
[th' ensanguin'd Ground.

On this Hand, Fate's most deathful Engines play,  
And belch their Bowels in a Burst away.

**The Bellowing, horrible! torments the Air,  
While downward Balls Earth's firm Foundations tear:  
Destruction issues in thick streamy Clouds,  
And Fates unseen descend on Multitudes.**

'Mid' these, huge Globes by sweepy Chains connext  
In this loud Storm of Death and Tempest mixt,  
Fly diverse, and from wid'ning Distance draw  
A Length of Slaughter, and whole Squadrons mow.

## Hissing



Hissing in Death, they strait behead an Host,  
 And gory Sculls aloft in Air are tost.  
 By others Flames in wavy Flakes are flung,  
 Which downward on th' Assailants burn along ;  
 They catch their shelt'ring Works, and roll away  
 In scorching Veh'mence, and the Foes display  
 Bare to th' Attack, while from the Ramparts beat,  
 In fretting Impotence they sow'r retreat.

Others prepare a distant War to wage,  
 From strong Machines they hurl their Missile Rage ;  
 Stones, Rocks, and Bombs in ratt'ling Tempest pour  
 Upon the Foe, and rain a clatt'ring Show'r,  
 While some vast Fragment from an Engine thrown,  
 Destructive, from the Walls comes thund'ring down, }  
 And thro' whole Troops resistless journeys on ; }  
 And crashing, cracking, Heaps on Heaps it rowls,  
 Mashes their Bones, and crushes out their Souls:

With Hills of Carnage all the Plain it strows,  
Then with a Force unspent, deep into Ground it  
[plows.

So from a Mountain's Brow by Torrents worn,  
Or loos'd by Age, or furious Whirlwinds torn,  
Down the vast headlong Steep the bounding  
Rock is born;

O'er crackling Woods the pond'rous Ruin pours,  
And with its Weight its downward Way devours;  
'Till urg'd aloft, it whirling springs amain,  
Then in a thund'ring Crash descends, and grinds the  
smoaking Plain:

Herds, Men and Woods it sweeps impetuous o'er,  
Earth groans, the Seas resound, and Heav'n returns  
[the Roar.

Now various Slaughter loads the groaning Plain,  
Which heaves, and rises hilly with the Slain:

The





Whizzing, they finge the Air and scorch the  
Ground,

And the rude Roar Heav'ns rending Vaults rebound.

All Arms that vengeful, hostile Hands elance,

Administer to Fate, and Works of Death advance.

Nor yet by Land alone are Fates abroad ;

Unseen, from Sea the Strand with Limbs they load.

Our Ships of War, drawn up in dread Array,

Pour Death upon 'em from the bord'ring Bay ;

From Mouths of Cannon belch'd, the Furies fly,

Inflict with Noise the Ears, with Stench the Sky :

The Slaughter-breathing Vapour, cogent, drives

The Iron-Death, which un-foreseen arrives.

[Ire,  
Shock'd with the Scene, where Heav'n declares his

The Soil unsettl'd, and the Floods on Fire ;

Of Stand unpow'rful, headlong they disperse,

And see their Works arose with Heav'ns averse.

(

Yet,

Yet, un-remissive, burn the *British* Balls,  
 In Thunder volly'd from our *Wooden Walls*;  
 The loud'ning Rears rebellow o'er the Beach,  
 Swell in the Winds, and Heav'n's last Limits reach:  
 Distress in various Views, with vary'd Mien,  
 Fills up the Horrors of the Deathful Scene.

Had you, with some protecting Pow'r to guide,  
 And bid the War's mad Furies turn aside,  
 Walk'd thro' th' embattel'd Squadrons, and beheld  
 The various Havock of the bleeding Field;  
 Deaths in a thousand diff'ring Shapes wou'd rise,  
 And multiplying Horrors strike your Eyes.  
 A winged Wound thro' one Man's Bowels goes,  
 And in a Gush his Life-Blood, oozing, flows;  
 His open'd Vitals pour from out the Wound,  
 And, as he reels, he treads them on the Ground.  
 Dismember'd, this stands forth a living Trunk;  
 This swims in Darkness, and with Death is drunk:

A fourth, as struggling with his Fate he lay,  
 Rose against Death, and linger'd out his Day,  
 'Till overfet in Shades, he fobs his Soul away. }

Some in their Throat the pointed Death receive,  
 Some at one Blow descending Faulchions cleave;  
 One on the Ground a tilted Spear extends,  
 While pierc'd to th'Heart another writhing bends.  
 A batt'ring Stone on this, unhop'd, arrives,  
 And at his Breast with forceful Fury drives;  
 Loos'd with the Shock, the bursting Eye-balls start,  
 And all its Torrents pours the bleeding Heart;  
 Nose, Mouth, and Ears well out a purple Flood,  
 With Pain the Pores the gushing Stream withstood:  
 The Nerves unbrace, the Heart can beat no more,  
 And Life floats off in ebbing Tides of Gore.  
 Others, in headlong Flight arrested, dye  
 By whistling Bullets, kindling as they fly.  
 On those an angry bursting Bomb descends,  
 And shiver'd Heads in dire Displosion rends:



The sudden Ruin fierce arrives in Wrath,  
 Lavishes Fate in Wantonnefs of Death;  
 Yet in its Rage a Clemency appears,  
 It ftrikes like Lightning, and prevents Mens Fears.

There fee the Foes by Night themfelves engage,  
 And clear us half the Blood-fhed of the Siege:  
 Stretch'd by their Com'rades on the Midnight Field,  
 By Wounds un-hoftile Multitudes are kill'd.  
 Such is the Fate Oppreffors ftill attends,  
 Of Foes fecure, they're doom'd to fall by Friends.  
 Some wou'd to Chance have this Rencounter giv'n,  
 Vain Word! the Mufe fhall point it right to Heav'n.

So when th' *Affyrian* againft *Judah* rofe,  
 And *Salem* his furrounding Hofts enclofe;  
 Vain of his Might, and fwoll'n with impious Pride,  
 While he their King and Guardian God defy'd;

Th' Al-

Th' Almighty breath'd his Vengeance o'er the Plain  
 By Night, and Morning found his thousands slain:  
 Tho' \* Pestilential Winds the Blight might cast  
 From *with'ring* Wings, as o'er the Host they past;  
 'Tis sure an Angel led the baleful Blast.

Now urg'd for Room, the Muse cou'd nigh com-  
 To riot in Description of the Slain, [plain;  
 She almost dar'd an un-fought Battel feign;  
 Or make the Fleets encounter on the Main:  
 In Thought at least she'd humbled haughty *Spain*.  
 Lur'd with the Foretaste of th' expected War,  
 And flesh'd with Slaughter, she'd yet further dare.  
 We shou'd not *Lucan's* daring Youth admire,  
 Had not *Pharsalia* set his Soul on fire:  
 The greatest Theme the World cou'd then allow  
 Made *Pegasus* his utmost Mettle show.

\* *The Hot Winds frequent and very fatal in those Countries. See Thevenot's Trav. Part 2. B. 1. c. 20, &c.*

Enough

Enough for us, on his first Tryal bent,  
If the young Bard is found not Impotent.

As *Jove's* Imperial Birds, which scent from far  
The yet-live Carnage of the promis'd War,  
Their gen'rous Eaglets tow'rd the Field convey,  
And lead th' un-enter'd Pupils to the Prey:  
If Peace, un-hop'd, shou'd frustrate their Intent,  
The fancy'd Feast unprov'd their Young lament,  
And to returning Flight reluctantly are bent.  
So we ———

But, Muse, these harsh, ill-tim'd Complaints for-  
Who cou'd, but *Walpole*, conquer without War?  
Firm to our Freedom, to his Sov'reign true,  
He sav'd his Country, and their Money too.  
How deep our Veins must bleed, he understood;  
For Sterling is the Nation's Vital Blood!

With



With pond'ring Mind he, inly griev'd, survey'd  
 Th' Event that on th' expensive War was laid:  
 In Justice' Scales then all exactly weigh'd,  
 He gave to *Cæsar* thence his Fate to View;  
 His mounted Scale aloft the *German* knew, [sue.  
 Then truckl'd to a Truce, and did for Friendship

\* So when a short permitted Pow'r was giv'n,  
 That Man's Arch-Foe, by fought Dominion driv'n,  
 Challeng'd their Chief, and dar'd the Hosts of  
 Heav'n;

To intercept th' Effects of such a Fray,  
 And Wreck of Worlds that must ensue that Day;  
 Straight Providence hung forth amid' the Sky  
 The Scales of Fate, the warring Chiefs to try:  
 In either Disk was laid a sev'ral Weight,  
 The Sign of Parting One, and One of Fight;

\* See *Milton's Paradise Lost*, B. 4.

Light as a passing Thought or Morning Dream,  
 Instant, the Last up-flew, and kickt the Beam.  
 Th' Arch-fiend beheld his Fate with falling Crest,  
 Grinn'd with diminish'd Pride, and the vain Chal-  
 lenge ceast.

Mean-time *Spain's* tutelary Pow'r, who stood  
 Intent, and *Britain's* verging Balance view'd,  
 Flies off, t' inspire the Majesty of *Spain* [vain.  
 With humbler Thoughts, and shew his Schemes how

But yet a dreadful Massacre succeeds,  
 And *Spain* thro' all her gall'd Besiegers bleeds.  
 The Thirst of Freedom fires our *Britons* Breasts,  
 And with a sacred Violence infests:  
 Such glorious Heat in Arms is due to Thee,  
 Thou Soul of Being, God-like Liberty!  
 For Thee the War's Expence is well repaid,  
 Our Credit strengthen'd, and ensur'd our Trade;

Each

Each *British* Warrior, in his Country's Right,  
 Burnt for Engagement, and requir'd the Fight:  
 Each *British* Heart with Indignation swell'd,  
 Each subject-Passion of the Soul rebell'd  
 Against the Thoughts of Indolent Repose,  
 When brav'd and bearded by insulting Foes.  
 Contending Senates lengthen'd out Debate,  
 And still'd with Pain the Strivings of the State;  
 'Till with the Royal Word mad Factions close,  
 Then from discordant Seeds all-beauteous Freedom  
 [rose.

A distant Reign, disdainful, I survey,  
 When Hireling Wits, the Prostitutes of Pay,  
 Durst compliment our Liberties away. }  
 Others wou'd Bondage too from Scripture teach: }  
 Eternal Shame sit on th' *un-ballow'd* Wretch, }  
 Who durst belye his God, and flatt'ring Fables }  
 preach. }

What-



Whate'er pretended Pow'r some boast to have,  
 God ne'er made Man to be another's Slave!  
 So far a base Dependance I disown,  
 I'd be no Underling to wear a Crown!  
 Gods! give me Freedom and a plenteous Ease,  
 And Mad-men with your gilded Play-things please!  
 Careless, I look your Random-favours o'er,  
 I crave not Wealth—but let me ne'er be poor.

*Lucan*, bold Youth, do thou my Soul inspire,  
 And warm a *Briton* with a *Roman* Fire.  
 Whilst I blest Freedom's heav'nly Sweets rehearse,  
 I spurn the Coldness of meek *Virgil's* Verse.  
 Headstrong in Youth, like Thee I dare engage,  
 Oh might thy Spirit break out in my Rage!  
 As loud in Freedom's Cause my Voice I'd raise,  
 Of Censure careless, un-pursuing Praise:

I scorn the Praise of Pleasing, and the Care,  
In this may I a True-born *Briton* hear.

What Heats of urging Thought my Bosom swell?

Oh that my Readers were but warm'd as well!

Was this Infectious Virtue blown around,

That not one Slave in *Britain* might be found,

My Verse shou'd with its wish'd Reward be  
crown'd:

Nor be it there, when once 'tis up, confin'd,

But with a Trumpet's Voice found Freedom to  
[Mankind.

Incentive, thus th' *Orthian* Song was prov'd,

And Men grew Heroes as the Musick mov'd:

The Pow'r of Numbers did new Souls instill,

And gave 'em Rage to dare, and Strength to kill.

Thus Pannick Fear once *Sparta's* Sons alarms,

The Warriors lost their Appetite for Arms;

*Tyrtaeus*

*Tyrtaeus* rais'd his Strain; their Rage returns,  
 Each Breast heaves high, and for the Battel burns;  
 The sacred Thirst of Fight the Man devours,  
 And thro' his Soul a Flush of Spirits pours.

But to be Vassals some, when free, rebell;  
 In Lust of Licence thus Arch-Angels fell;  
 The Sons of Heav'n became the Slaves of Hell:  
 The rest in free Obedience did rejoice,  
 And made their Duty Liberty of Choice.

Those restless Spirits brook Restraint with Pain,  
 And wou'd be freer in the mildest Reign!  
 Of Ease grown weary, and from Freedom broke,  
 Of Tyrant Licence they receive the Yoke.  
 Say, lovely Peace of Mind, where dost thou live?  
 Thou canst alone this blissful Freedom give.



Th' unsettl'd Wretch to Novelty inclin'd,  
 Turn'd loose at large, is still too close confin'd:  
 By such wild Whims of working Fancy whirl'd,  
 His Mind's his Torture, and his Cage the World.

*Britons!* on whom propitious Stars did smile,  
 Which gave you to this Heav'n's most favour'd Isle;  
 Assert your happy Privilege of Birth,  
 And call your inborn Heat of Courage forth;  
 Take all th' Advantage kinder Pow'rs dispense,  
 And make the most of smiling Providence.  
 With Scorn I've seen th' assuming Village-Lord  
 By his tame Vassals more than half ador'd!  
 Strange! in a Country breathing to be free,  
 Some make so cheap their Native Liberty!  
 But stranger yet that Tyranny shou'd dare  
 Usurp on those, whom *Brunswic* makes his Care!

Ye

Ye lost to Shame! call up your abject Soul,  
 Let manlier Passions in your Bosoms roul.  
 Ye Herd! that seem for basest Use design'd;  
 The cheap, neglected Rabble of Mankind!  
 Unheeded Footsteps of th'Ambitious Great!  
 Who, as it well deserves, your Meanness treat!  
 You stoop your Backs to mount their heady Pride,  
 Then are as useless Lumber thrown aside.  
 Gods! that a Soul, which boasts Descent from Heav'n,  
 Can be to such unmanly Baseness driv'n!  
 Arise, Degenerate! let your Bosoms heave  
 With freer Spirits, and shake off the Slave.  
 Dominion rais'd on Beauty, or on Pow'r  
 E'er treats them worst, who fondly most adore!  
 For Tyrants of each Sex enslave, we know,  
 None but the Passive Fools, who make 'em so.  
 In vain a Tameness for their Mercy sues,  
 That but adds Spirit they ne'er fail to use!

Thus oft th'entrusted Guardian will make bold  
 To slay the gentle Firstlings of the Fold;  
 Unpiteous, he unsheaths his butch'ring Knife,  
 And, murd'rous! threats th'unfriended Lambkin's  
 Pleading the tender Innocence appears, [Life.  
 With suppliant Kneelings and beseeching Tears:  
 Yet he, the Churl! unmov'd by earnest Eyes,  
 And all his Childrens imitated Cries,  
 Presses the Blade, and — the meek Pleader dies!  
 While prowling Wolves and Lordly Beasts of  
     Prey  
 Free of the Wood-land Kingdoms stalk away,  
 Nor fear the Checks of Arbitrary Sway.  
 Man, only Man is that tame, humble Beast  
 That by his Fellow-Savage is oppress'd:  
 The more the Meekness of the Lamb he bears,  
 The more th'Insults of Lordly Pow'r he shares.

But



But we, thank Heav'n for more Indulgent Fate,  
 Fear not th' Oppressions of th' Un-govern'd Great !  
*George* us from Foes, and from our selves defends,  
 And treats us not like Vassals, but his Friends.  
 Blest King ! Blest Subjects ! Knew we but our Blifs !  
 But moody Throngs will ever run amiss !  
 What Verse cou'd warm such wayward Wills to [know  
 The Sweets that from their present Blessings flow !  
 To paint out God-like Freedom Fancy flags,  
 Description faint behind the Image lags :  
 But Thought alone can this first Blessing reach,  
 And tasted Freedom its own self must teach.  
 But then to give't in Picture to the Slave,  
 What *Presence* shou'd the warm Expression have !

Tyrants, take heed to Slaves you trust the Taste,  
 Your Bond-men from their Neck your Yoke wou'd  
 cast ;

Nations

Nations wou'd burn to do their Honour Right,  
 Seize their own Freedom, and be blest in spight.  
 Sure pitying Pow'rs to Slaves its Sweets conceal,  
 Lest they thro' Death to Liberty shou'd steal.  
 How shall the Slave behold his Maker's Face;  
 And bear him back his Image in Disgrace!  
 It is t'affront the Majesty of Heav'n,  
 To sell that Birth-right God himself has giv'n.

Who first o'er Man usurpt despotic Rule,  
 And taught succeeding Tyrants to controul;  
 To endless Infamy his Name's consign'd,  
 Markt out the common Curse of all Mankind.

Oh that my Verse was to those Climes convey'd,  
 Where Slav'ry Human Nature waste has laid;  
 Where from the Clay God's Image is defac'd,  
 And that of Tyrants on the Vassals plac'd;

Where

Where Heav'n with Pity, or with Scorn looks down  
 Upon his Handy-work he scarce can own!  
 If ought of Man they boast besides the Name,  
 My Verse their recreant Ardour shou'd reclaim;  
 Restore the Man, and make 'em turn their Swords  
 In Rage of Scorn, on their Imperious Lords:  
 The Threats of Pow'r they'd daringly despise,  
 And look on Tyrants with neglecting Eyes.

Look up, O Man, nor heed what thou art here,  
 Think what thou in Hereafter shalt appear.  
 Ye better Few, behold that Azure Sky,  
 And hope to heir the bright Eternity.  
 Yet a small Time (for Years slide fast away)  
 Full Age to You your Birth-right shall convey.  
 The poor, good Man that now laments his Lot,  
 Shall shoot away on swifter Wings than Thought,



Look down upon the groveling Multitude,  
 This Dunghill World, and all its Reptile Crowd;  
 Behold in Pity how they're wrapt in Night,  
 While he enjoys the freer Fields of Light :  
 Seiz'd of his fair Reversion in the Sky,  
 He melts in Pleasures of Eternity.  
 Eternity! the pleasing Thought o'er-pow'rs  
 Weak Sense; the Soul with pain its Load endures;  
 Unto this World unknown it longs to go,  
 And try a Taste of Bliss the Dying only know.

Cease, lavish *Muse*! this Luxury of Lays,  
 Nor seek too much this After-life to raise;  
 Lest Men from Life, this wretched Life! shou'd fly,  
 Snatch their own Happiness by stealth, and dye.

*F I N I S.*

